

WELSH FESTIVAL



A CENTURY OF PROGRESS

INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION

CHICAGO

1933

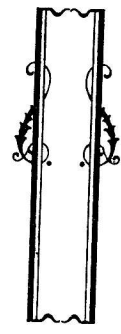


Souvenir Program

6th St. Roberts
415 So. Wackerly St.
Oak Park
GWIR YN ERBYN Y BYD

WELSH FESTIVAL

9-2-33. A CENTURY OF PROGRESS
INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION
CHICAGO
1933



Suzannah Jones
(Miss)
1194 Cherry Street
Noblesville, Ind.

COURT OF THE HALL OF STATES
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2nd
NINETEEN HUNDRED THIRTY-THREE

WELSH FESTIVAL MIXED CHORUS
WELSH FESTIVAL LADIES CHORUS
CHICAGO WELSH MALE CHOIR

DANIEL PROTHEROE, Mus. Doc.
CONDUCTOR

. . . *Accompanists* . . .

ESTHER WUNDERLICH
ROBERT SHEEHAN



. . . GUEST ARTISTS . . .

HELEN PROTHEROE, *Soprano*
DAN BEDDOE, *Tenor*
ORPHEUS MALE CHORUS, *Cleveland, Ohio*
CHARLES D. DAWE, Mus. Bac., *Conductor*
BEN BURTT, *Accompanist*

Chairman Afternoon Program
REV. T. TEIFION RICHARDS, D. D.
Scranton, Pennsylvania

Chairman Evening Program
S. J. PHILLIPS
Scranton, Pennsylvania

... Greeting ...

WELSHMEN FROM FAR AND NEAR:

WELCOME TO THE WELSH FESTIVAL
of A CENTURY OF PROGRESS.

It will awaken memories of the Land of Our Fathers, and demonstrate anew the richness of our folk songs. The program is entirely by Welsh composers.

Our love for the best in Welsh life will be rekindled; old times will be talked over, and a closer bond — “Calon wrth galon” be cemented, all being DAN NAWDD DUW A'I DANGNEF.

* * * *

I'r Cymry o bell ac agos — Croeso i'r Wyl yn y Century of Progress.

Deffry y dathliad atgofion lu am Hen Wlad ein Tadau, a phrofir i'r byd gyfoeth ein halawon gwerin. Ni fydd dim ar y rhaglen ond cerddi gan gyfansoddwyr Cymreig Ail ennyr ein cariad at bethau goreu y bywyd Cymreig; Gelwir i gof “droeon yr yrfa,” ac ail dwymnir y tan ar allor cyfeillgarwch, a bydd

“Calon wrth galon” yn ffaith, a'r cyfan oll—
DAN NAWDD DUW A'I DANGNEF.”

W A L E S

From Wales, a small nation across the sea,
A country of mountains, rivers and hamlets,
A voice calls and bids us listen
To the music of this people.
A people whose spirit rises higher, than can any single voice,
A people who for inspiration have looked beyond the summit of
their hills,
Seen strength in their rocky soil, and in fertile places have
reaped harvests with thanksgiving.
A people by nature, poets, song makers and from their pens stories
of home and love and their Creator were sung in every
town and hamlet.
Songs not sung by one voice, nor by smaller groups,
But with one accord, a great voice of a mighty people burst
with volume.
From the depths of the mine to the shepherd on the hill;
From the sailor on the sea to the craftsman at his bench.

Choral music, the great voice,
Made by many component parts,
The voice that lifts us to melodious heights,
And at the same time great harmonies,
Carried, as we hear the melody, and the resonant bass.
To each one of these a unity must come,
And in the middle voices we weave the immortal tone.
If in our common life such harmony could thus be lived,
So that from every nation we could hear in firm accent,
A tone of wondrous beauty blended well,
With all the other parts that nations sing,
We would see the glories of a greater day,
When songs are sung, and each one knows his part,
And follows the baton of the Master's hand
To harmony. Then Choral singing will have shown the way,
To music that is atune with Nature's plan.

—Margaret Ruth Williams

AFTERNOON PROGRAM

2:30 O'CLOCK

REV. J. ALEXANDER JENKINS, D. D., *Presiding Officer*

1. YMDAITH GWYR HARLECH . . . *Arr. Joseph Parry*
(March of The Men of Harlech)
WELSH FESTIVAL MIXED CHORUS
2. HUSH! FOR AMID OUR TEARS . . . *Robt. Gomer Jones*
(Dedicated to the Memory of the late
Rev. Richard D. Hughes)
WELSH FESTIVAL MIXED CHORUS
3. (a) BUGEILIO'R GWENTH GWYN . . . }
(b) LLWYN ON . . . } *Welsh Folk Songs*
(c) RHYFELGYRCH CADBEN MORGAN . . . }
(d) HIRAETH . . . }
DAN BEDDOE
4. (a) YR HAF (The Summer) . . . *Gwilym Gwent*
(b) NOS CALAN (New Years Eve) . . . *Welsh Air*
WELSH FESTIVAL MIXED CHORUS
5. ADDRESS REV. T. TEIFION RICHARDS
6. (a) COME NIGHT *Daniel Protheroe*
(b) CLYCHAU ABERDYFI (Bells of Aberdovey) *Arr. T. J. Davies*
WELSH FESTIVAL LADIES CHORUS
7. (a) GWCW FACH *Arr. J. Lloyd Williams*
(b) DOLI
(c) BANER EIN GWLAD *Joseph Parry*
DAN BEDDOE
8. (a) SONG OF THE MARCHING MEN . . . *Daniel Protheroe*
(b) DRONTHEIM *Daniel Protheroe*
CLEVELAND ORPHEUS MALE CHORUS
CHARLES D. DAWE, *Conductor*
9. BRYN CALFARIA (Laudamus) *William Owen (Prysgol)*
CHICAGO WELSH MALE CHOIR
10. TEYRNASOEDD Y DDAEAR *Ambrose Lloyd*
(Arise All Ye Nations)
(Incidental Baritone Solo *Gwilym Jones*)
WELSH FESTIVAL MIXED CHORUS
11. HEN WLAD FY NHADAU (Land of My Fathers)
(WELSH NATIONAL ANTHEM)

YMDAITH GWYR HARLECH

(March of the Men of Harlech)

Words by
TALHAIARN

Arr. by DR. JOSEPH PARRY
(PENCERDD AMERICA)
Merthyr 1841-1903

Harlech, cyfod dy faneri,
Gwel y gelyn yn enynu;
Y Meirionwys oll i waeddi,
Cymru fo am byth.
Aed y waedd ac aed y weddi,
I bob cwrr o'n gwlad uchelfri,
Nes adseinia yr Eryri,
Cymru fo am byth.

Arwyr Sawdwyr, sydyn,
Rhuthrwn ar y gelyn,
Gyrw'n ef i ffoi o nant
A bryn a phant a dyffryn,
Chwyfiwn faner goruchafiaeth,
Gorfoleddwn yn ei alaeth,
Clywir llef ein buddugoliaeth
Cymru fo am byth.

HUSH! FOR AMID OUR TEARS.

Words by MARY BRADFORD WHITING

Music by ROBT. GOMER JONES
Pontardulais 1886

I

Hush! for amid our tears a sound comes stealing,
Breathing of hope to hearts that faint and fail.
It is the echo of the triumph pealing
For those victorious hosts beyond the veil.

II

We thank Thee, Lord, for all Thy saints departed,
Their arms laid down in answer to Thy call,
Oh! may we serve like them, the hero-hearted,
And give like them our strength, our life, our all!

III

Here in Thy courts we offer our oblation,
There at Thy throne Thy faithful warriors stand,
And they and we unite our supplication
That still Thy cause may prosper in our land.

IV

Nerve Thou our hearts with their sublime endeavour,
With their example spur our following feet,
That we may fight the fight and falter never
Till in Thy strength our warfare is complete.

V

So shall we carry on the deathless story,
Strive as they strove throughout earth's darkest days,
Climb the steep heights that led them up to glory
And lift with them the victor's song of praise!

YR HAF (The Summer)

Words by TELYNOG

Music GWILYM GWENT
Tredegar 1838-1891

I

Fe gladdwyd tlysni anian
Yn medd y gauaf du,
Ar gwynt rydd brudd alargan
Mewn oer gwynfanus gri.

II

Ond ha! daw'r haf toreithiog,
A bywyd yn ei gol,
A thaena flodau gwridog
Dros wyneb bryn a dól.

III

Mae'r goedwig mewn harddunedd
Yn gwisgo mantell werdd,
A'r haf sydd ar ei orsedd,
Yn chwareu tanau cerdd.

IV

Mae'r delyn gynt fu'n hongian,
Ar helyg gauaf gwyw.
Yn rhoddi miwsig allan
Ust! Clywch mae'r byd yn fyw
Tra la la Ust! clywch mae'r byd yn fyw.

NEW YEAR'S EVE

(Nos Calan)

Words by MRS. GRANT

WELSH AIR
Arr. by DANIEL PROTHEROE
Ystradgynlais 1866

I

Sing a sweet melodious measure,
Home's a theme replete with pleasure,
Fa, la, la,
Waft enchanting lays around,
Home! a grateful theme resound,
Fa, la, la,
Tho' the moon refuse to light us,
Come, where mirth and joy invite us,
Fa, la, la,
Come where music's notes are swelling,
And where tales of love are telling,
Fa, la, la.

COME NIGHT

Words from the Welsh of Islwyn's
By EDMUND O. JONES

DANIEL PROTHEROE
Ystradgynlais 1866

I

Come, Night, with all thy train of witnesses.
I love the star's deep eloquence,
That with the morning hours
Grows mute again.

II

Thy stillness cries to human sense,
"There is a God above,
And worlds more fair than ours."
The day is night which hides the stars from sight!
Our night for day is given
To make more plain the path to heaven.
It is the Sun, that at its rising makes the infidel,
And all day long the world alone
Its tale can tell.

III

Oh, welcome Night, that bidst the world be still,
That through the stars eternity may speak.
Too early, Dawn, too early dost thou wake;
Too early climbest up the Eastern hill;
Too early! Stay! Stay!

IV

So quiet is the Night,
And in her pensive breeze such sympathy,
She shows us suns that suffer no eclipse,
O'er which the grave's dark shadow ne'er can lie.

V

Nay! Come not yet, O Dawn;
Thy laughing lips, thy wanton glance,
And frolic songs of glee,
The convocation of those holier spheres profane,
And when night vanishes heaven is hid again.

CLYCHAU ABERDYFI

Words by CEIRIOG

Music Arr. T. J. DAVIES
Ystalyfera 1854-1926

I

Os wyt ti'n fy ngharu i,
Fel 'rwyf fi'n dy garu di,
Mal un, dau, tri, pedwar, pump, chwech,
Meddai clychau Aberdyfi.

II

Hoff gan fab yw meddu serch
Y ferch mae am briodi,
Hoff gan innau yn mhob man
Am Morfydd Aberdyfi.

SONG OF THE MARCHING MEN

Words by SIR WALTER SCOTT

Music by DANIEL PROTHEROE

March, March, Etrick and Teviotdale,
Why the deil dinna ye march forward in order?
March, March, Eskdale and Liddesdale,
All the Blue Bonnets are bound for the border.
Many a banner spread Flutters above your head,
Many a crest that is famous in story.
Mount and make ready then,
Sons of the mountain glen,
Fight for the queen and our old Scottish glory.
Come from the hills where your hirsels are grazing,
Come from the glen of the buck and the roe;
Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing,
Come with the buckler, the lance and the bow.
Trumpets are sounding.
War steeds are bounding.
Stand to your arms, then
And march in good order.
England shall many a day
Tell of the bloody fray,
When the Blue Bonnets came over the border.

DRONTHEIM

Words by LONGFELLOW

Music by DANIEL PROTHEROE
Ystradgynlais 1866

At Drontheim, Olaf the King,
Heard the bells of Yuletide ring,
As he sat in his banquet hall,
Drinking his nutbrown ale,
With his bearded Berserks, hale and tall.
Three days his Yuletide feasts,
He kept with his Bishops and Priests,
And his horn filled up to the brim;
But the ale was never too strong,
Nor the Sagaman's tale too long for him.
O'er his drinking horn, the sign
He made of the Cross divine,
As he drank and muttered his prayers.
But the Berserks evermore
Made the sign of the Hammer of Thor over theirs.
The gleams of the firelight dance
'Pon helmet and hauberk and lance,
And laugh in the eyes of the King.
And he cried to Halfred, the Scald,
Gray-bearded, wrinkled, and bald, "Sing!"

(Continued)

DRONTHEIM—(Contd.)

Sing me a song divine,
With a sword in every line,
And this shall be thy reward;
And he loosened his belt at his waist,
And in front of the singer placed his sword.

Then the Scald took his harp and sang,
And loud through the music rang
The sound of that shining word.
And the harpstring a clangor made,
As if they were struck with the blade of a sword.

And the Berserks round about,
Broke forth into a shout
That made the rafters ring;
They smote with their fists on the board,
And shouted, "Long live the sword and the King."

But the King said, "O, my son,
I miss the bright word
In one of thy measures and thy rhymes."
And Halfred the Scald replied,
"In another 'twas multiplied three times."

Then King Olaf raised the hilt of iron,
Cross-shaped and gilt, and said, "Do not refuse,"
Count well the gain, and the loss,
Thor's hammer, or Christ's cross?
Choose, Choose, Choose.

And Halfred, the Scald, said,
"This, in the name of the Lord, I kiss,
Who on it, was crucified,
And a shout went round the board,
In the name of Christ, the Lord, who died."

And over the waste of snow,
The noonday sun uprose,
Through the driving mists revealed
Like the lifting of the Host,
By incense clouds almost concealed.

On the shining wall, a vast and shadowy cross was cast
From the hilt of the lifted sword,
And in foaming cups of ale
The Berserks drank was "Hael!"
Was "Hael to the Lord!"

BRYN CALFARIA

Words by PANTYCELYN

Melody by WILLIAM OWEN
(Prysgol)

Gwaed Dy Groes sy'n codi'i fyny,
'Reiddil yn goncwerwr mawr.
Gwaed Dy Groes sydd yn darostwng,
Gewri cedyrn fyrdd i lawr.
Gad im' deimlo, Gad im deimlo,
Awel O Galfaria fryn.

Ymddiriedaf yn dy allu,
Mawr yw'r gwaith a wnest erioed.
Ti ge'st angeu, Ti ge'st uffern,
Ti ge'st Satan dan dy droed.
Pen Calfaria,
Nac aed hwnw byth o'm cof.

TEYRNASOEDD Y DDAEAR

Words by T. G. JONES

Music J. AMBROSE LLOYD
Y. Wyddgrug 1815-1874

Teyrnasoedd y ddaear cenwch i Dduw,
Teyrnasoedd y ddaear canmolwch yr Arglwydd,
Yr hwn a ferchyg ar nef y nefoedd
Y rhai oedd erioed. Wele Efe yn anfon Ei lef,
A hono yn llef nerthol.
Rhoddwch i Dduw gadernid.
Ei oruchelder sydd ar Israel, a'i nerth yn yr wybrenau.
Ofnadwy wyt o Dduw o'th gysegr.
Duw Israel yw efe, yw efe sydd yn rhoddi nerth,
A chadernid i'r bobl,
Bendigedig fyddo Duw.

HEN WLAD FY NHADAU

(THE LAND OF MY FATHERS)
(Welsh National Anthem)

Mae hen wlad fy nhadau yn anwyl i mi,
Gwlad beirdd a chantorion, enwogion o fri;
Ei gwrol ryfelwyr gwladgarwyr tra mad,
Dros ryddid collasant eu gwaed.

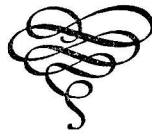
Chorus:

Gwlad! Gwlad! Pleidiol wyf i'm gwlad,
Tra mor yn fur i'r bur hoff bau,
O bydded i'r hen iaith barhau.

The land of my Fathers, the land of my choice,
The land in which poets and minstrels rejoice.
The land whose stern warriors wer true to the core,
While fighting for freedom of yore.

Chorus:

Wales! Wales! Glorious land of Wales;
Till death be pass'd my love shall last,
My longing, my "hiraeth" for Wales



AWR GYMDEITHASOL



SOCIAL HOUR

EVENING PROGRAM

8:00 O'CLOCK

REV. J. ALEXANDER JENKINS, D. D., *Presiding Officer*

1. CROSSING THE PLAIN *T. Maldwyn Price*
CHICAGO WELSH MALE CHOIR
2. (a) Y DELYN AUR (The Golden Harp) *Arr. D. Pugbe Evans*
(b) DAFYDD Y GARREG WEN
(David of the White Rock) } *Caneuon Gwerin*
(c) CAN Y MELINYDD (The Miller's Song) } *Welsh Folk Songs*
CHICAGO WELSH MALE CHOIR
3. (a) BLODAU'R HAF
(b) NANT-Y-MYNYDD *William Davies*
HELEN PROTHEROE (Rhosllanerchrugog
1859-1907)
4. (a) LOVELY MAIDEN *D. Pugbe Evans*
(b) SONG OF THE NORTHWIND . . . *Robt. Gomer Jones*
(Incidental Tenor Solo—Ernest John)
CHICAGO WELSH MALE CHOIR
Conducted by the Composer.
5. THE MINSTRELS *Daniel Protheroe*
(The Combined Choruses)
CHICAGO WELSH MALE CHOIR
CLEVELAND ORPHEUS MALE CHORUS
6. ADDRESS S. J. PHILLIPS
7. NIDAROS *Daniel Protheroe*
COMBINED CHORUSES
8. (a) PE CAWN I HON } *Caneuon Gwerin*
(b) MENTRA GWEN } *Welsh Folk Songs*
(c) YN IACH I TI GYMRU }
DAN BEDDOE
9. THE CRUSADERS *Daniel Protheroe*
(Incidental Tenor Solo—Edward W. Gressle)
COMBINED CHORUSES
CHARLES D. DAWE, *Conductor*
10. BRYN CALFARIA (Laudamus) (*By Request*)
. *William Owen (Prysgol)*
COMBINED CHORUSES
11. HEN WLAD FY NHADAU (Land of My Fathers)
(WELSH NATIONAL ANTHEM)

CROSSING THE PLAIN

Words by THOMAS HOWELL

Music by T. MALDWYN PRICE
Llanbrynmair 1860-1933

Ho, for the lonely Western Plain,
We'll cross the redman's wild domain.
Who in his wigwam strings his bow,
His quiver filling forth to go,
To hunt white men by day or night,
To take their scalps is his delight.

We dare to meet him on his trail,
No danger shall our spirits quail,
In weal or woe, where're we be
We'll sing the carols of the free.

And now is drawn across the sun
A crimson shade, the day is done,
Father in heav'n, O hear our prayer,
Grant us this night
Thy tender care,
Teach us to trust and love Thee more,
Be Thou our peace for ever-more.

The welcome dawn pursues the night,
The prairie is ablaze with light.
We'll go rejoicing blythe and gay,
While sunbeams smiles upon our way,
Aeolian harps among the trees
Responding to the wakening breeze,
They swell the chorus of the free,
We'll live or die for liberty.

Y DELYN AUR

Words by
W. WILLIAMS PANTYCELYN

Arr. by
D. PUGHE-EVANS
Conwil 1866-1898

I

Dechreu canu, dechreu canmol,
Yn mhen mil o oesoedd maith,
Y bydd pawb o'r gwardigion
'Rochor draw ar ben eu taith.
Ni bydd diwedd, Ni bydd diwedd,
Byth ar swm y delyn aur.

II

Nid oes yno ddiwedd canu,
Nid oes yno ddiwedd clod;
Nid oes yno ddiwedd cofio
Lles pob cystudd gaed erioed;
Byth ni dderfydd, Byth ni dderfydd
Canmol Duw yn nhy fy Nhad.

DAFYDD Y GARREG WEN

Words by CEIRIOG

CANEUON GWERIN
Welsh Folk Songs

I

Cariwch medd Dafydd fy nhelyn i mi,
Ceisiaf cyn marw roi tŷn arni hi.
Codwch fy nwylaw i gyraedd y tant,
Duw a'ch bendithio fy ngwedd w a'm plant."

II

Neithiwr mi glywais lais angel fel hyn:
Dafydd tyr'd adref a chwareu trwy'r glyn."
Delyn fy mebyd! Ffarwel i dy dant,
Duw a'ch bendithio fy ngwedd w a'm plant."

CAN Y MELINYDD

CANEUON GWERIN
Welsh Folk Songs

Mae genni ebol melyn,
Yn codi'n bedair oed,
A phedair pedol arian,
O dan ei bedwar troed.

Fal, di, ral, lal, di, ral, di, ro,
Fal, di, ral, lal, di, ral, di, ro,
Fal, di, ral, di, ral, di, ro.

Mae genni iar a cheiliog,
A buwch a mochyn tew,
A rhwng y wraig a minnau
'Rwy'n ei gwneud hi yn o lew.

Fe aeth y iar i rodio,
I Arfon draw mewn dig,
A daeth yn ol ryw ddiwrnod,
A'r Wyddfa yn ei phig.

LOVELY MAIDEN

Words ANON.

Music by D. PUCHE EVANS
Conwil 1866-1898

I

You are very lovely maiden,
Soft and fair your skin;
Beauty's pencil has been there
Blending colours rich and rare.
Is all fair within?
Yes, that blush with modest glow,
Sweetly tells what I would know.

II

You are very gentle lady,
Humble and discreet.
Let not words of artless praise
Kindle anger in your gaze,
Praise is not unmeet.
When the lip of Truth doth find
Language for the approving mind.

III

You are very dear, sweet lady,
Will you hear my suit,
Honest is my love and pure,
Lasting while my days endure.
Why are you so mute?
Ah! you smile, and blush and sigh,
I do ask no more reply.

SONG OF THE NORTHWIND

Words by
WARREN C. HAWTHORNE

Music by ROBT. GOMER JONES
Pontardulais 1886

(Dedicated to the Chicago Welsh Male Choir)

Sing me a song of the frozen north,
With sparkle of frost in each ringing line;
A song of nature's struggle and strife,
Where only the worthy may cling to life,
Where wolf packs clamor and coyotes whine.
O stinging north wind chant to me,
A song of the brave, and strong, and free.
Sing me a song, an east wind song,
Cold with the breath of the ocean's foam:
Chilled with the horror of dead men's bones,
Laden with grief of the wives at home,
Who wait, and listen, and weep alone.
O sing me a song in a minor key,
A song of the cruel, relentless sea.
Wind of the south, so soft and mild,
With song of spring thy soul is beguiled;
The west wind dreams of ripening grain,
The east wind moans of chilling rain;
But the north wind, the north wind shouts,
Come play your part in a world of men,
Ye strong of heart,
For I conquer all but the bravest heart.

THE MINSTRELS

Words by LONGFELLOW

Music by DANIEL PROTHEROE

God sent His singers upon earth,
With songs of sadness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men,
And bring them back to Heaven again.

The first, a youth with soul of fire,
Held in his hand a golden lyre;
Through groves he wandered, and by streams,
Playing the music of our dreams.

The second, with a bearded face,
Stood singing in the market-place,
And stirred with accents deep and loud,
The hearts of all the listening crowd.

A gray old man, the third and last,
Sang in cathedrals dim and vast;
While the majestic organ rolled
Contribution from its mouths of gold.

And those who heard the singers three,
Disputed which the best might be;
For still their music seemed to start
Discordant echoes in each heart.

But the Great Master said,
I see no best in kind, but in degree;
I gave a various gift to each,
To charm, to strengthen, and to teach.

These are the three great chords of might,
And he, whose heart is tuned aright,
Will hear no discords in the three,
But the most perfect harmony.

NIDAROS

Words by LONGFELLOW

Music by DANIEL PROTHEROE

In the convent of Drontheim,
Alone in her chamber,
Knelt Astrid, the Abbess.
At midnight, adoring, beseeching, entreating
The virgin and mother,
She heard in the silence
The voice of one speaking
Without in the darkness. In gusts of the nightwind,
Now louder, now nearer, now lost in the darkness,
The voice of a stranger
It seemed as she listened,
Of someone who answered,
Beseeching, imploring, a cry from a-far off.
She could not distinguish
The voice of St. John, the beloved disciple,
Who wandered and waited the Master's appearance,
Alone in the darkness, unsheltered and friendless.
It is accepted, the angry defiance,
The challenge of battle, it is accepted.
But not with the weapons of war that thou wieldest,
Cross against corslet,
Peace against war-cry,
Patience is powerful.
He that o'ercometh
Hath pow'r o'er the nations.
As torrents in summer
Half dried in their channels
Suddenly rise,
Though the sky is still cloudless
For rain has been falling
Far off at their fountain.
Oh hearts that are fainting,
Grow full to o'erflowing,
And they that behold it, marvel,
And know not that God,
At their fountain far off has been raining.
Stronger than steel is the sword of the spirit,
Swifter than arrows, the light of the truth is,
Stronger than anger is love, and subdueth.
Thou art a phantom, a shape of the sea mist,
A shape of the brumal rain and the darkness
Fearful and formless.
Day dawns, and thou art not.
The dawn is not distant,
Nor is the night starless,
Love is eternal, God is still God,
And His faith shall not fail us.
Christ is eternal.

THE CRUSADERS (MILWYR Y GROES)

Words by R. J. BEAMISH

DANIEL PROTHEROE
Ystradgynlais 1866

"For God, my life, my all, I give;"
This was the hermit's cry;
It sped on Heaven's fav'ring winds,
Around the gray old earth,
And many men of many minds
Attested then their worth.
"To arms! To arms!" The trumpet rang,
The rattling drum gave voice.
And round the hermit rose a clang
That made his soul rejoice.
He speaks, the clamour dies away;
The warriors stay their breath;
And then a song of power holds sway,
A song of life and death.

On Calvary, on Calvary, my Saviour Jesus died,
For me His life blood flow'd away;
For me His soul was tried.
On then to Palestine, on then to Palestine,
To where His feet have trod;
Where man is lifted out of earth to see the face of God.
On then to Palestine; on then to Palestine;
On then to Palestine.

Dim visaged night is giving way to dawn,
As armoured knights prepare for battle
With the desert's dusky sons,
And then they kneel in prayer.
Oh Father of Mercy! Oh God of land and sea!
Protect our lives, enrich our souls
With Christian bravery.
Direct us with wisdom
To nature's house of doom,
The place where Thou o'ercamest death,
Thy lowly earthly tomb.
Amen.

A trumpet peals across the sandy plain,
And hark! a roar, and then a peal again.
A yellow cloud arises to the sun.
A crash! A shout! The battle has begun,
The whirlwind rush of Moslem horde has come!
Steel clangs on steel, loud rolls the angry drum,
The soldiers of the Cross fight on with fiercest zeal,
The Moslems waver, then their bravest wheel,
Press on, brave hearts, your victory is nigh,
Hark! Hark! Above all comes the Christian cry,
"For God, my life, my all I give."

The Cross of the Saviour hath triumphed,
The land where He laboured is free,
And here all His children may worship
In peaceful devout unity.
But vengeance must not mar our triumph,
Let us all our foemen forgive,
And teach them the lesson of Heaven
"For God, my life, my all I give."

BRYN CALFARIA

Words by PANTYCELYN

Melody by WILLIAM OWEN
(Prysgol)

Gwaed Dy Groes sy'n codi'i fyny,
'Reiddil yn goncwerwr mawr.
Gwaed Dy Groes sydd yn darostwng,
Gewri cedyrn fyrdd i lawr.
Gad im' deimlo, Gad im deimlo,
Awel O Galfaria fryn.

Ymddiriedaf yn dy allu,
Mawr yw'r gwaith a wnest erioed.
Ti ge'st angeu, Ti ge'st uffern,
Ti ge'st Satan dan dy droed.
Pen Calfaria,
Nac aed hwnw byth o'm cof.

HEN WLAD FY NHADAU

(THE LAND OF MY FATHERS)
(Welsh National Anthem)

Mae hen wlad fy nhadau yn anwyl i mi,
Gwlad beirdd a chantorion, enwogion o fri;
Ei gwrol ryfelwyr gwladgarwyr tra mad,
Dros ryddid collasant eu gwaed.

Chorus:

Gwlad! Gwlad! Pleidiol wyf i'm gwlad,
Tra mor yn fur i'r bur hoff bau,
O bydded i'r hen iaith barhau.

The land of my Fathers, the land of my choice,
The land in which poets and minstrels rejoice.
The land whose stern warriors were true to the core,
While fighting for freedom of yore.

Chorus:

Wales! Wales! Glorious land of Wales;
Till death be pass'd my love shall last,
My longing, my "hiraeth" for Wales.

...PATRON...

RT. HON. DAVID LLOYD GEORGE *Privy Councilor*

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Jones, Sidney
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Messina, Joseph
Middleton, John
Morgan, Tom
Morris, H. A.
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Owen, Phillip
Pierce, W. R.
Pugh, E. Cynolwyn
Richmond, Robert
Roberts, Harry
Stalf, A.
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Lloyd, Evan
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